

Leonard Cohen, Different Sides

We find ourselves on different sides
Of a line nobody drew
Though it all may be one in the higher eye
Down here where we live it is two

I to my side call the meek and the mild
You to your side call the words
By virtue of suffering I claim to have won
You claim to have never been heard

Both of us say there are laws to obey
Yeah but frankly I don't like your tone
You want to change the way I make love
(But) I want to leave it alone

The pull of the moon the thrust of the sun
Thus the ocean is crossed
The waters are blessed while a shadowy guest
Kindles a light for the lost

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(But) I want to leave it alone

Down in the valley the famine goes on
The famine up on the hill
I say that you shouldn't you couldn't you can't
You say that you must and you will

You want to live where the suffering is
I want to get out of town
Come on baby give me a kiss
Stop writing everything down

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